# MISS EDITH MAKES ANOTHER FRIEND

for soprano voice with piano

Music by Lyle Neff

Poem by Bret Harte

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# MISS EDITH MAKES ANOTHER FRIEND

**[Poem by Bret Harte]**

**Oh, you're the girl lives on the corner? Come in--if you want to--come quick!**
**There's no one but me in the house, and the cook--but she's only a stick.**
**Don't try the front way, but come over the fence--through the window--that's how.**
**Don't mind the big dog--he won't bite you--just see him obey me! there, now!**

**What's your name? Mary Ellen? How funny! Mine's Edith--it's nicer, you see;**
**But yours does for you, for you're plainer, though maybe you're gooder than me;**
**For Jack says I'm sometimes a devil, but Jack, of all folks, needn't talk,**
**For I don't call the seamstress an angel till Ma says the poor thing must "walk."**

**Come in! It's quite dark in the parlor, for sister will keep the blinds down,**
**For you know her complexion is sallow like yours, but she isn't as brown;**
**Though Jack says that isn't the reason she likes to sit here with Jim Moore.**
**Do you think that he meant that she kissed him? Would you--if your lips wasn't sore?**

**If you like, you can try our piano. 'Tain't ours. A man left it here**
**To rent by the month, although Ma says he hasn't been paid for a year.**
**Sister plays--oh, such fine variations!--why, I once heard a gentleman say**
**That she didn't mind THAT for the music--in fact, it was just in her way!**

**Ain't I funny? And yet it's the queerest of all that, whatever I say,**
**One half of the folks die a-laughing, and the rest, they all look t'other way.**
**And some say, "That child!" Do they ever say that to such people as you?**
**Though maybe you're naturally silly, and that makes your eyes so askew.**

**Now stop--don't you dare to be crying! Just as sure as you live, if you do,**
**I'll call in my big dog to bite you, and I'll make my Papa kill you, too!**
**And then where'll you be? So play pretty. There's my doll, and a nice piece of cake.**
**You don't want it--you think it is poison! Then I'LL eat it, dear, just for your sake!**

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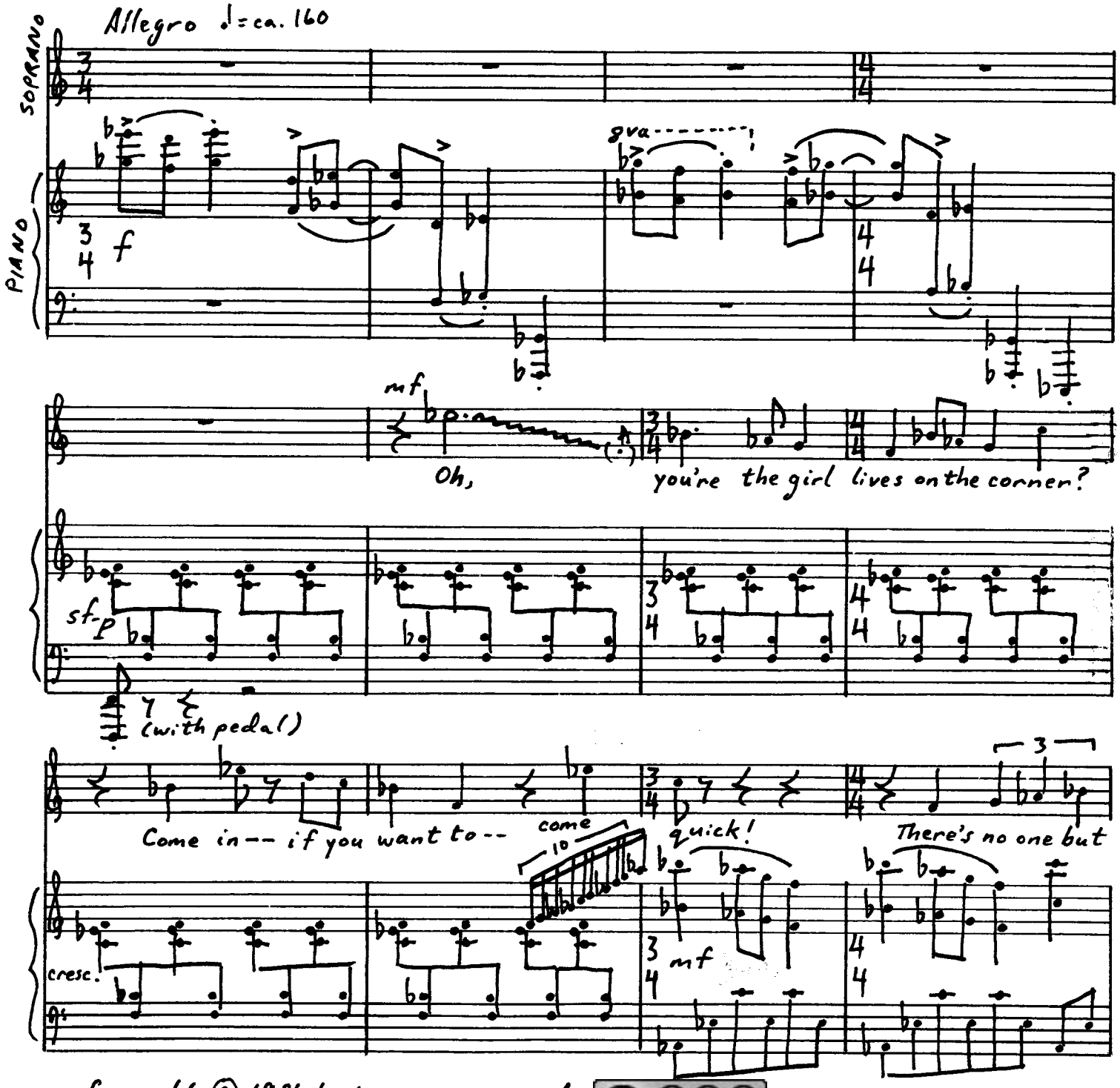


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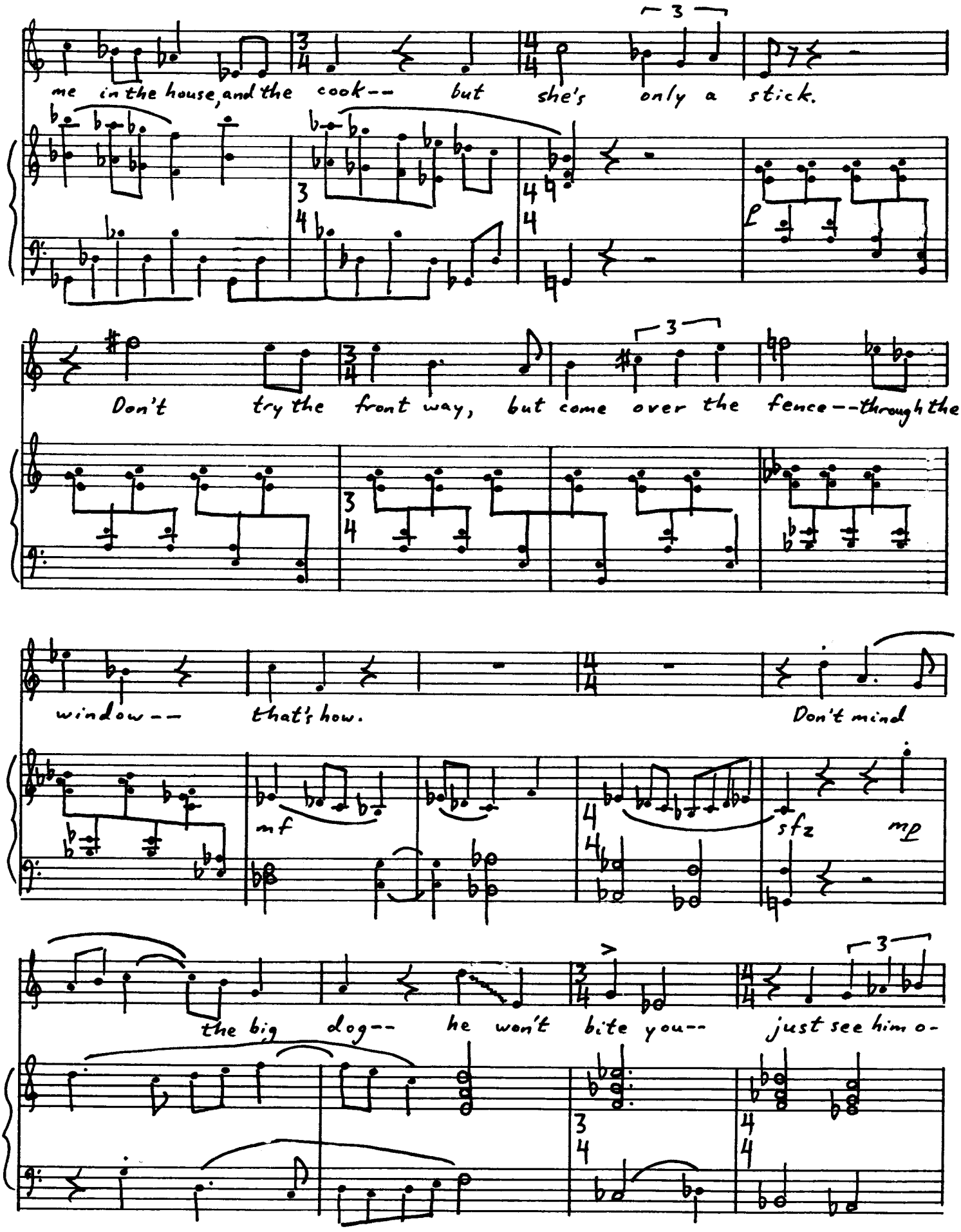
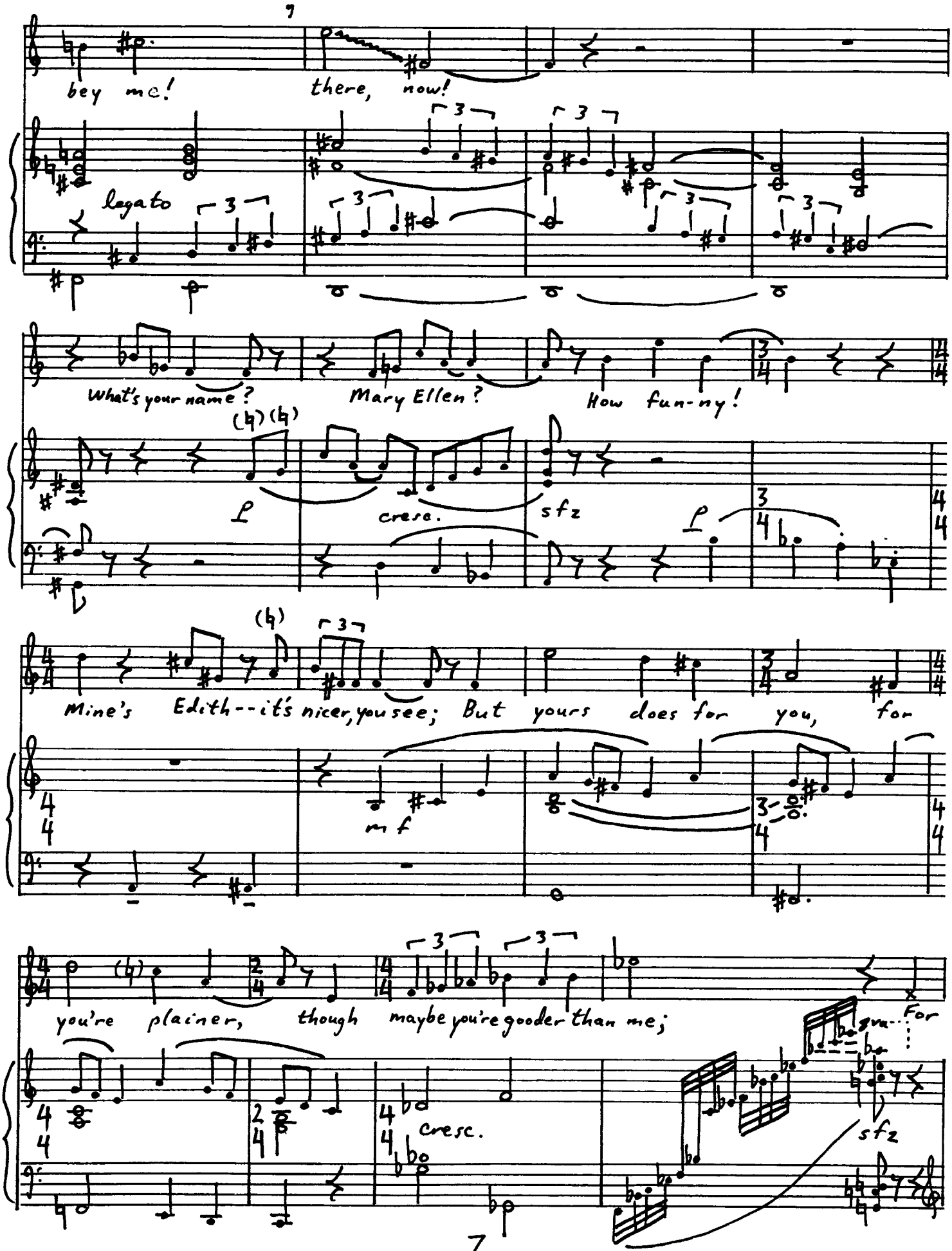
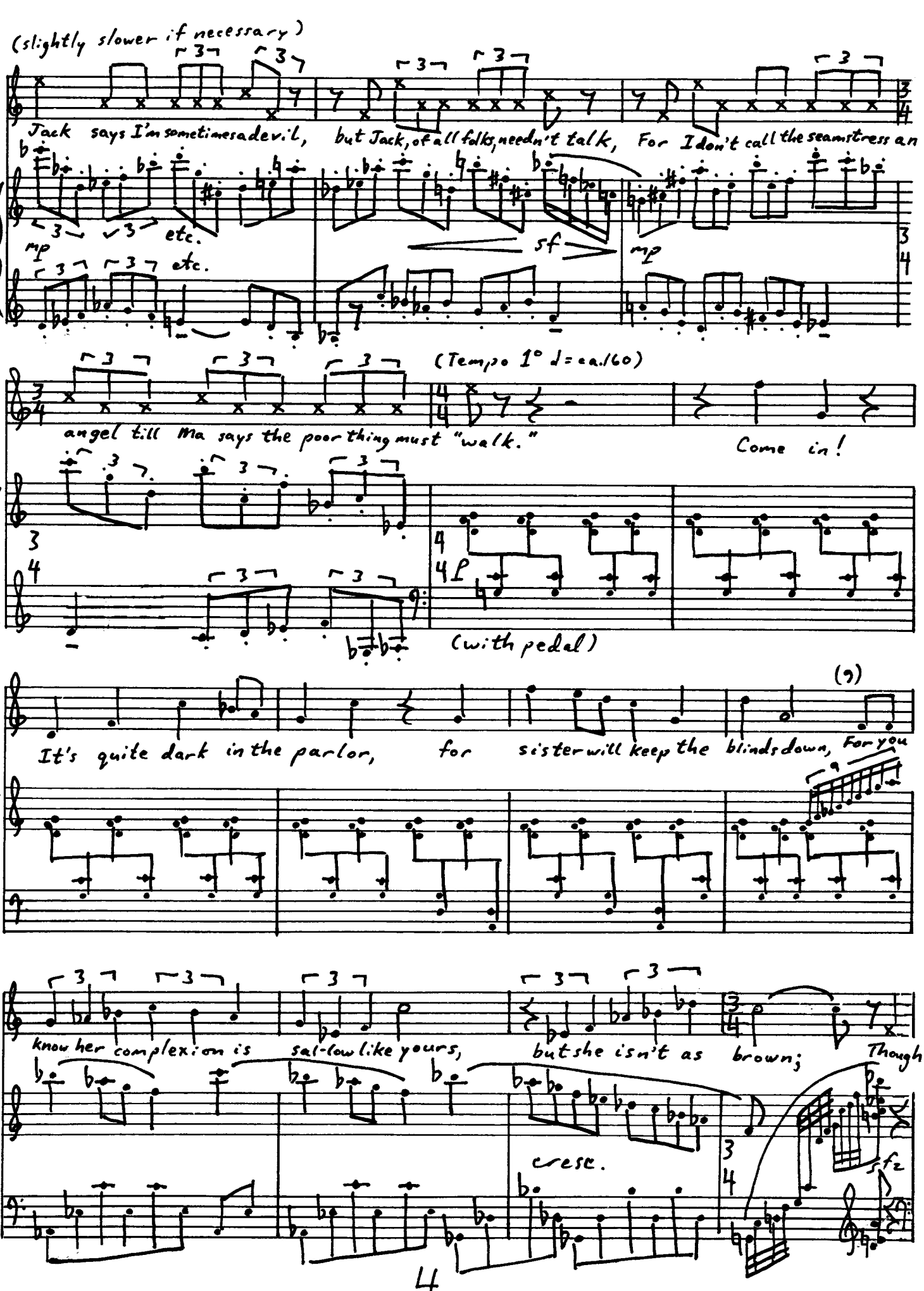
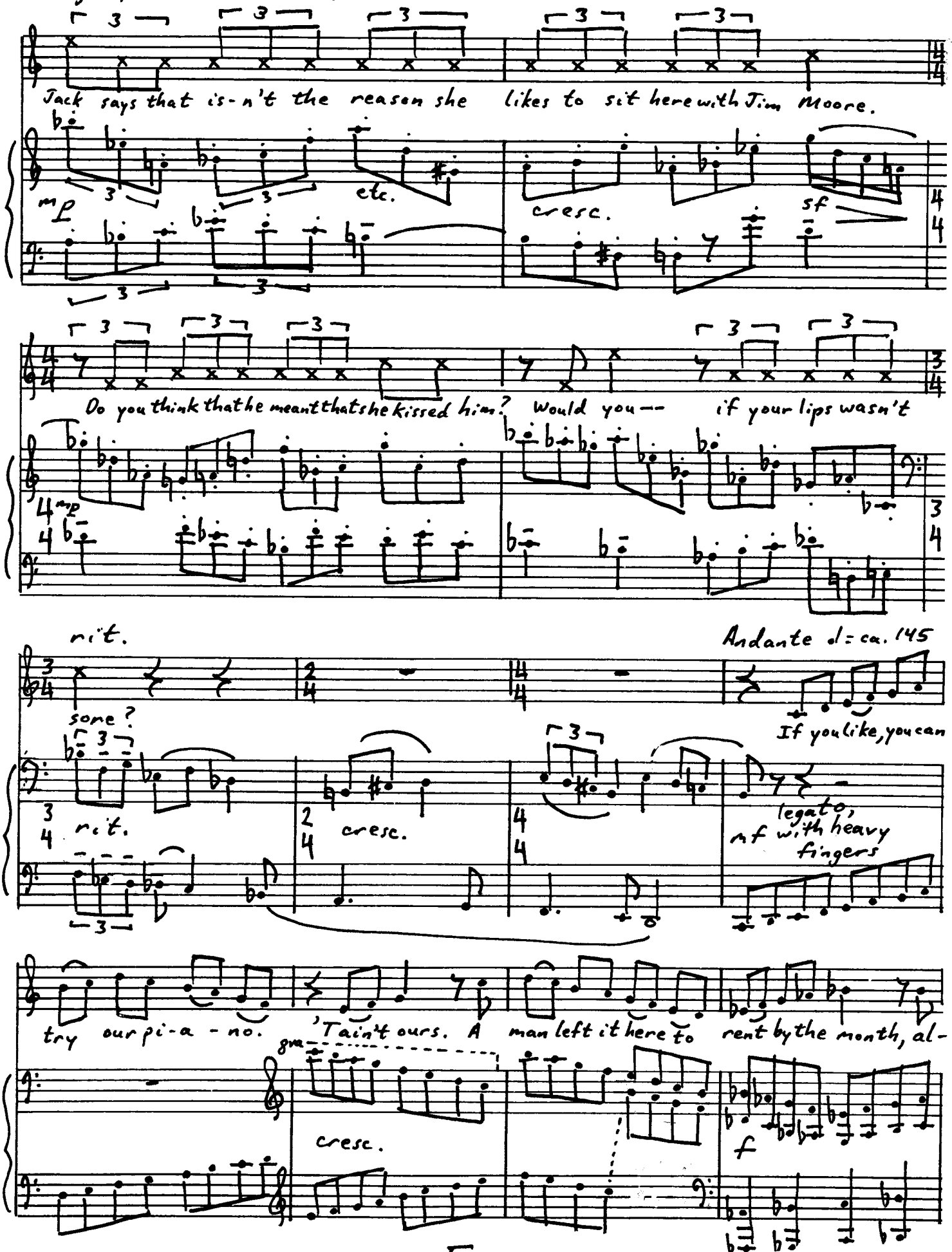
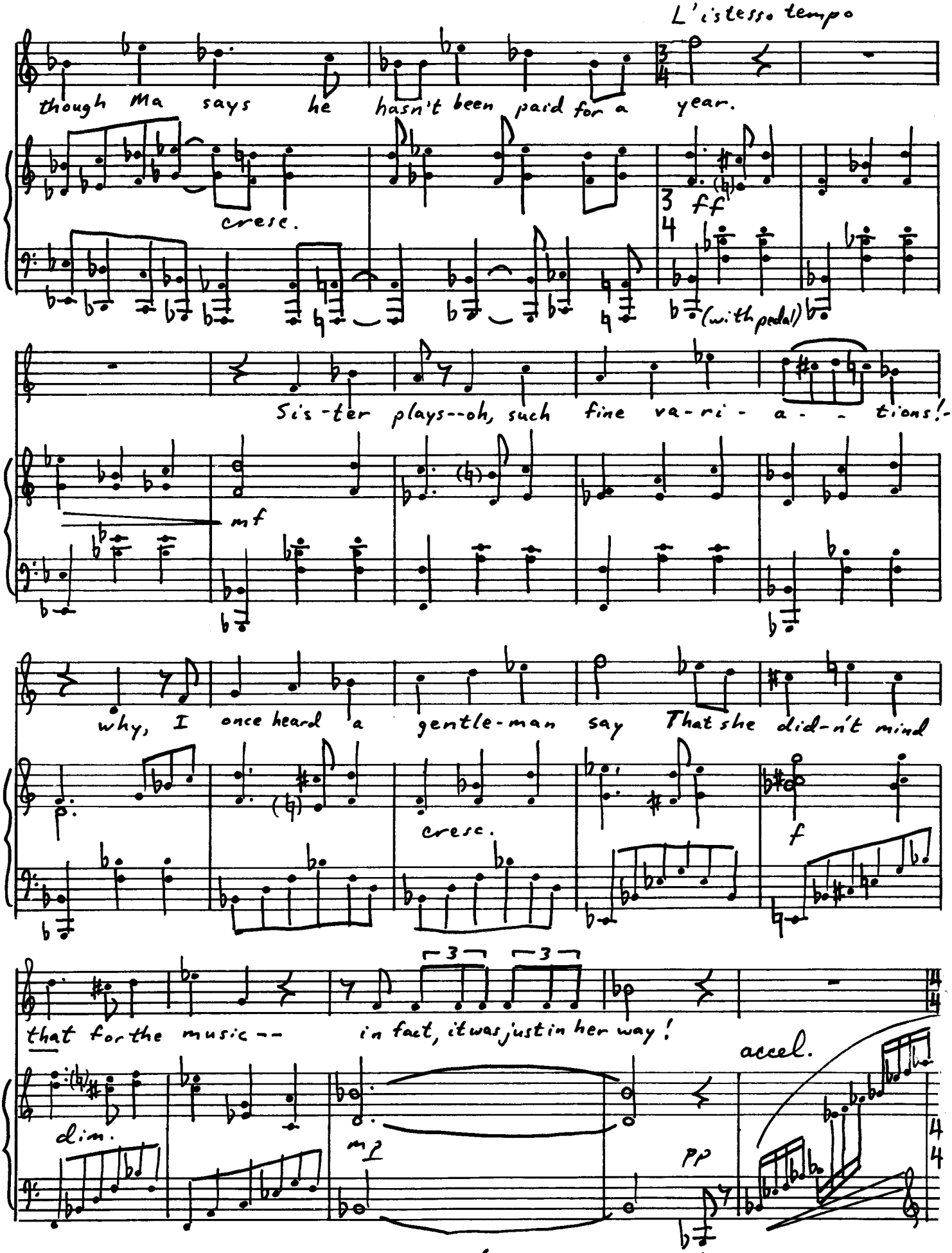

me in the house, and the cook-- but she's only a stick.
Don't try the front way, but come over the fence--through the
window-- that's how. Don't mind
the big dog-- he won't bite you-- just see him o-
f
mf
sfz
mp

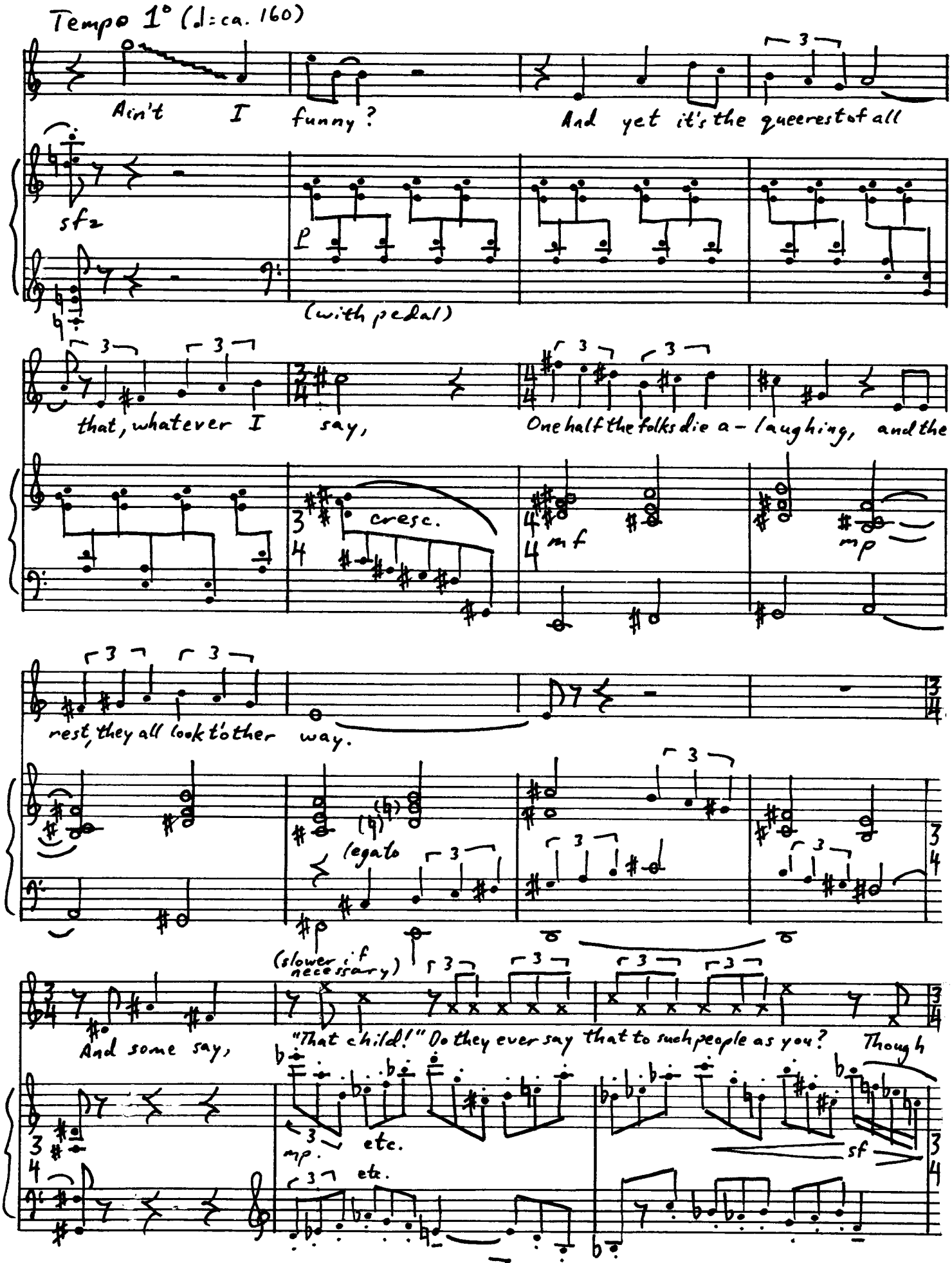

bey me!
there, now!
legato
What's your name?
Mary Ellen?
How fun-ny!
cresc.
sfz
Mine's Edith--it's nicer, you see; But yours does for you, for
mf
you're plainer, though maybe you're gooder than me;
For
cresc.
sfz

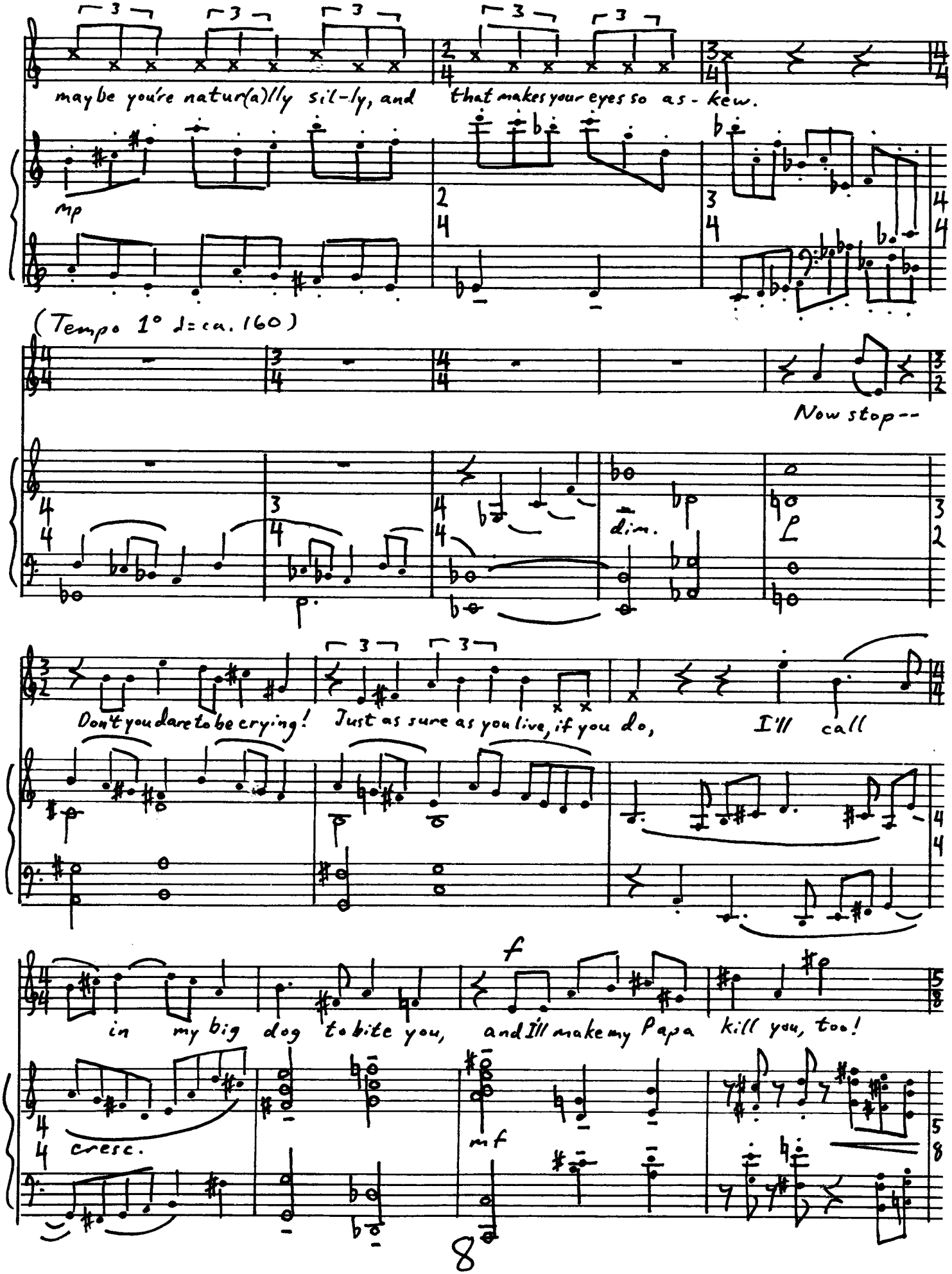

(slightly slower if necessary)
Jack says I'm sometimes a devil, but Jack, of all folks, needn't talk, For I don't call the seamstress an
mp
etc.
sf
mp
angel till Ma says the poor thing must "walk."
(Tempo 1° ♩= ca. 160)
Come in!
(with pedal)
It's quite dark in the parlor, for sister will keep the blinds down, For you
know her complexion is sal-low like yours, but she isn't as brown; Though
cresc.
sfz

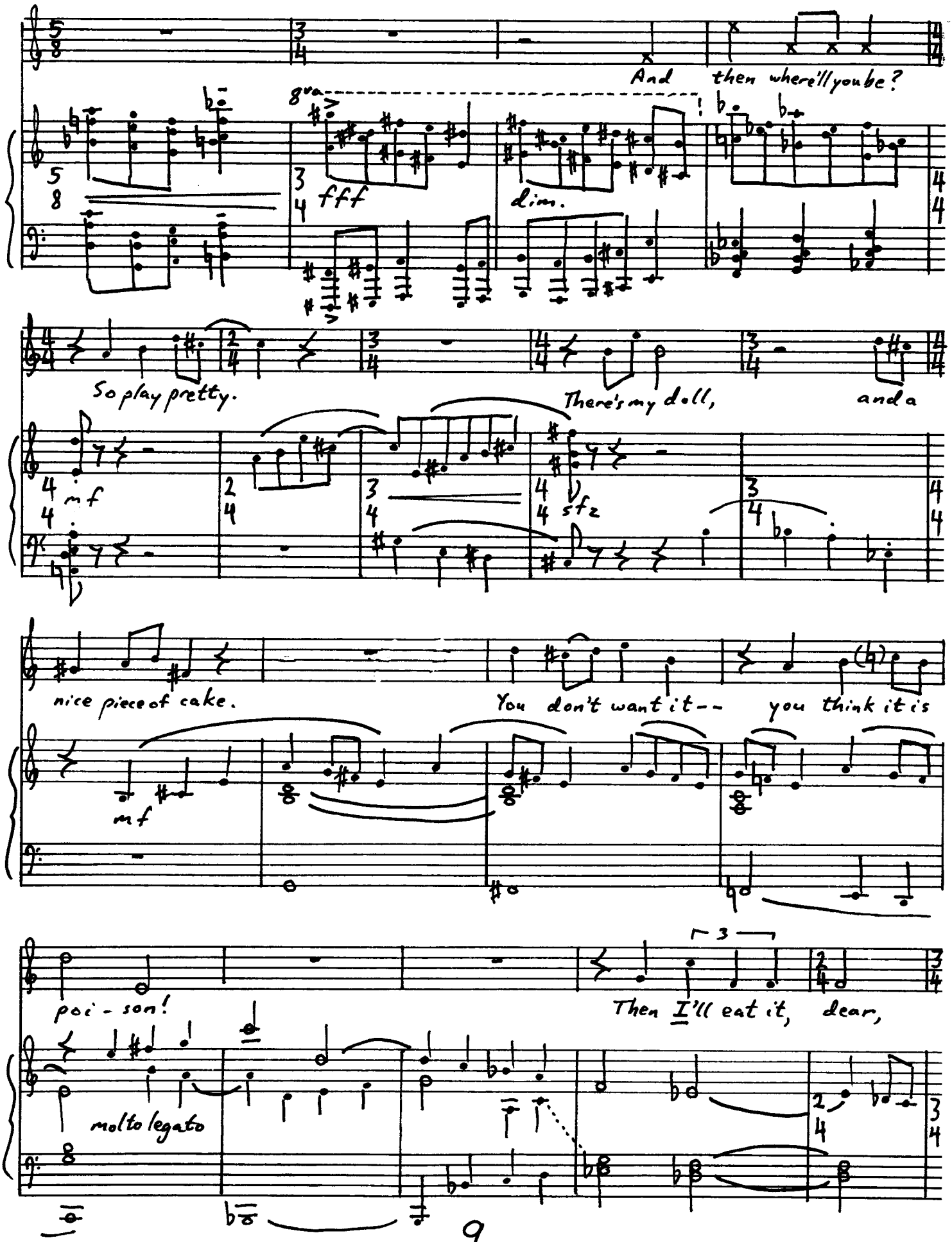
(slightly slower if necessary)

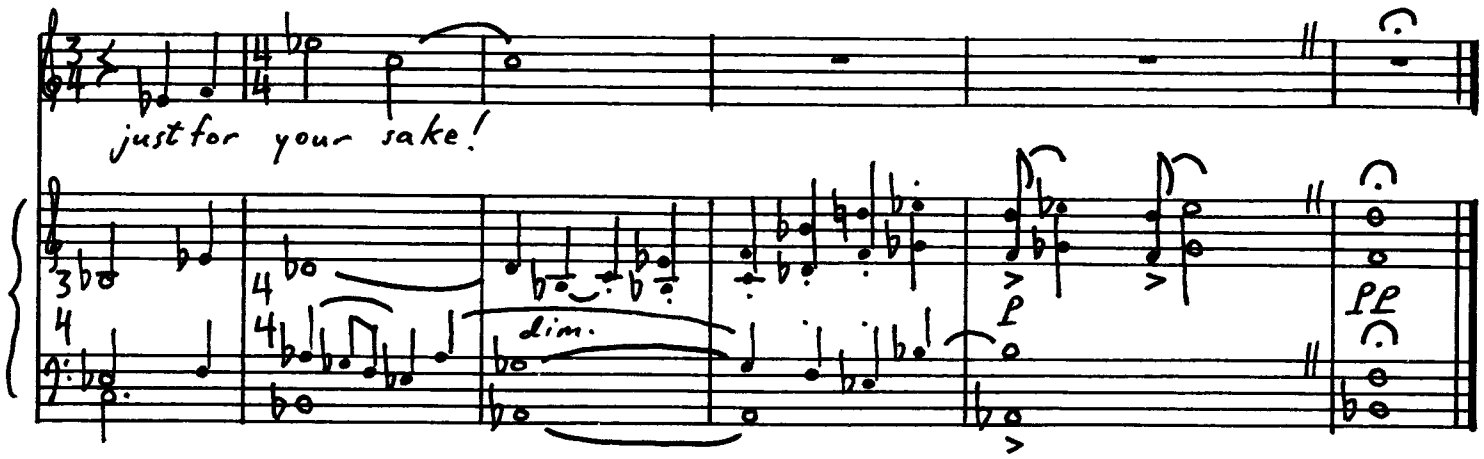



L'istesso tempo
though Ma says he hasn't been paid for a year.
cresc.
ff
(with pedal)
Sis-ter plays--oh, such fine va-ri-a--tions!--
mf
why, I once heard a gentle-man say That she did-n't mind
p
cresc.
f
3
3
that for the music-- in fact, it was just in her way!
dim.
mp
pp
accel.


Tempo 1° (♩= ca. 160)
Ain't I funny? And yet it's the queerest of all
sfz
p
(with pedal)
that, whatever I say, One half the folks die a-laughing, and the
cresc.
mf
mp
rest, they all look t'other way.
legato
(slower if necessary)
And some say, "That child!" Do they ever say that to such people as you? Though
mp.
etc.
sf


maybe you're natur(a)lly sil-ly, and that makes your eyes so as-kew.
mp
(Tempo 1° ♩= ca. 160)
Now stop--
dim.
p
Don't you dare to be crying! Just as sure as you live, if you do, I'll call
f
in my big dog to bite you, and I'll make my Papa kill you, too!
cresc.
mf


And then where'll you be?
8va
fff
dim.
So play pretty.
There's my doll,
and a
mf
sfz
nice piece of cake.
You don't want it-- you think it is
mf
poi - son!
Then I'll eat it, dear,
molto legato


just for your sake!
dim.
p
pp